THE New Republic

New Terms For Negotiating On Germany

Pages 3-4

Those Uncanny Predictions of

Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

New Orleans Knows Better

By HELEN FULLER

My Life with F.D.R. . . . . *Louis J. Halle*

To Make Us Love Our Country . . *W. R. Smith*

Thomas Mann in Old Age . . . . *Victor Lange*

FEBRUARY 16, 1959

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Washington Wire

Reciprocal Mistrust

IF WE understand Secretary Dulles aright, he believes with the fervor of religious conviction that you cannot negotiate with Soviet Russia save in the narrowest of fields. But he also feels that he cannot acknowledge this belief because of domestic and world sentiment. He believes the Soviet's word is worthless and that it is an implacable and absolute foe. Hence when Moscow proposes to negotiate, he must use devious means to circumvent such discussions while seeming to accede to them. He must offer counter-proposals that he knows are unacceptable. Meanwhile he waits for a better time. Time, he believes, is on our side. Time has already greatly modified Soviet viewpoints.

If this seems a grim estimate, it must be said that it is not too far from that of President Truman and Dean Acheson. Like Dulles they reject the more hopeful interpretation of George Kennan. They have had experience themselves in trying to negotiate with Moscow.

Even for its own purposes, however, the Dulles' attitude is weakened by its extreme deviousness. Take the case of the tape-recorded exchange among Soviet fighters as they shot down a US transport plane over Soviet Armenia last September. The State Department offers the record to prove Soviet perfidy; Moscow counters by crying "fake." To this writer at least the tape sounds authentic and grisly enough.

But then the questions begin. If we had this tape why did we hold it for a "thaw" in the Cold War? Presumably because Dulles wants to prove his point: you can't negotiate with Moscow. There is the evidence of the two young British authors, Thompson and Miller, in the Oxford magazine *Isis*, 1958, for which they were prosecuted for breaching the British Official Secrets Act. They were formerly members of a secret branch of the Royal Navy. They reported the existence of Allied monitoring from Iraq to the Baltic, and a willingness "to go to extraordinary lengths of deception."

They wrote: "An airplane loses its way. Behind the frontier tape recorders excitedly read the irritated exchanges of Russian pilots, and when the latter sometimes force the airplane to land, an international incident is created and reported in the usual fashion."

This of course doesn't excuse the brutal Soviet attack. But it leaves a confused impression: that the Russians are lying, and the State Department isn't telling the whole truth.

Fear of Inflation

ANYTIME President Eisenhower may be losing his fear of inflation he can get it restored by spending a few days quail shooting down at the Georgia winter resort and indoctrination school of George M. Humphrey. From this stimulating companionship with one of the most conservative men in America the President returns to a Washington of blacks and whites, of "spenders" and "savers," men who are all good or all bad. He sees the issue with the same moral fervor that his Secretary of State sees the Soviet.

There seems no way of getting the President's ear with the other side. Yet for a week this reporter has been listening to reputable economists telling Congress a very different story. They declare the Administration's fear of inflation amounts to "obsession"; that actually consumer prices are now stationary and there has been no appreciable rise for 11 months; that the Administration has cried "inflation" so loud and recklessly that it is a factor in the near-chaos of the government's bond market and the startling rise of the stock market: people are selling bonds and buying stocks.

The Federal Reserve System is the center of this fear complex. It took the unparalleled step of taking anti-inflation action before the 1957-58 recession was over. "Although unemployment was still seven percent seasonally adjusted," testified Seymour E. Harris, chairman of the Harvard Economics faculty, "the Federal Reserve introduced once more a dear money policy because it anticipated inflation."

Continuing, Harris testified: "The Federal Reserve has treated a future inflation when the real problem is to treat a recession. Its concern with inflation helped bring about a recession (1957-58) which in a period of three years has cost the country about $50 billion. The policy of the government now seems to be to maintain stability of prices even if it means a reduction of output-increases to less than 2 percent a year, as against an attainable figure of 4 or 5 percent. . . . Actually our record on inflation is excellent compared to any other major country."

Here is the testimony of Gerhard Colm of the National Planning Association: "Under present conditions I feel that greater than the danger of demand inflation is the danger that a too restrictive fiscal and monetary policy may prevent us from using our productive resources for the urgent tasks which must be fulfilled."

And Northwestern University economist Robert Eisner: "The decision to accept unemployment, whether in the view that it is necessary to prevent prices from rising or for any other reason, is a decision to accept a lower rate of growth."

Effects of Retrenchment

MR. EISENHOWER has practiced all the copy-book economic orthodoxies for six years and has had two bad recessions in that time. He is still pounding ahead on the old anti-inflation line. And as we write this we read the dispatch in Sunday's *New York Times* that a staff study by the Federal Reserve "concedes for the first time officially that the recovery in jobs has been slower after this recession" than after the two earlier postwar slumps. This survey, incidentally, contradicts Mr. Eisenhower's Economic Report and a recent Commerce Department analysis.

What these independent witnesses say is that a policy of Federal retrenchment, aimed at inflation, can be self-defeating: retrenchment slows business; this cuts tax revenues; this produces a $13 billion deficit; monetizing the deficit with short-term US bonds encourages inflation!

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *The Waist-High Culture*

SIRS:

THE *New Republic* is almost always so fine these days that I hesitate to enter a minor carp, but may I, please? My complaint has to do with your review of Thomas Griffith's book, *The Waist-*

(Continued on page 23)

Germany

MR. DULLES' journey of exploration to London, Paris and Bonn did not come a moment too soon. It was apparently based on three broad ideas: first, that any attempt to push the Western powers out of their Berlin position must be resisted with the utmost firmness; second, that any negotiations with the Soviets about a "separate" solution for the "Berlin problem" would give away the central Western thesis that the anomaly to be remedied is not the position of Berlin, but the partition of Germany and Europe; third, that the one realistic hope of avoiding a head-on clash over Berlin lies in reopening East-West negotiations about the wider issues of German unity and European security, and that if those are to be started with any chance of progress, the Western powers must try to agree in advance on some new proposals.

So far, so good. From the start of the artificial "Berlin crisis" we have stressed the need both for firmness over Berlin and for a new flexibility on the wider issues of Germany and Europe; it is reassuring to find the State Department looking in the same direction. But governments which have clung to rigid formulas too long and then rediscover the need for flexibility when faced with acute threats may easily find themselves on a slippery slope. The will to widen the scope for negotiation and to explore new ideas is most welcome—but it is necessary at the same time to keep a firm grip on one's own objectives, and on the limits they impose on possible concessions. With that in mind we should like at this stage to set forth a few practical suggestions.

First, the Russians want to talk about a German Peace Treaty, but claim that the road to German unity is neither their nor our concern. There is no need to get into a procedural wrangle over this. Our government can easily agree to *talk* first about the framework of a Peace Treaty—frontiers, withdrawal of troops, international status of a future reunited Germany—so as to find out whether agreement is possible on effective guarantees for Russian, Western and German security. Without such agreement, there will certainly be no progress on German unity. But the obvious corollary is that the West cannot *commit* itself to any peace terms until there is also agreement about the German partner who is to sign them. To that extent, the Russians can be forced to admit that the questions of peace and of German unity are inseparable.

Second, there is no conceivable German peace treaty that does not imply disengagement to the extent of a withdrawal of troops from Germany; nor do we think there is any chance of Soviet agreement to German unity in freedom without guarantees that such a Germany will not be allowed to join any military alliance, and will be permanently barred from holding nuclear weapons. As has been repeatedly argued here, we think these terms could be accepted by the West — *provided the guarantees against a violation of German neutrality, and in particular against a return of Russian troops under any pretext whatever, are adequate.* But that means

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that certain provisions in the Russian treaty draft cannot be accepted in any circumstances. We refer to those provisions that seek to stipulate a right of supervision over the *internal* political institutions of the new Germany, allegedly to prevent a revival of Nazis or "revanchists" or to safeguard "socialist achievements." Any clause of that kind would establish a right of Soviet intervention in German affairs, leaving open the door to the possible return of Russian troops; it would therefore mean in practice an unfree, potentially Communist-controlled Germany.

Third, by the same token we cannot ask the Russians to guarantee free all-German elections. Surely, the great lesson of Yalta is that this is precisely the type of agreement with the Soviets that has no meaning whatever; the one meaningful guarantee is one that ensures that their troops stay out. If they do, the East German Ulbricht regime cannot maintain itself—unless we are so foolish as to guarantee it. This is the catch in the new "flexible" talk about a German "confederation." If we cannot insist on "free elections" as the first step, we certainly have no need to accept a confederation with the untenable Ulbricht regime as the first step. If the Russians ever agree to leave East Germany under conditions that exclude their return — which is anything but certain! — they will have to fear the overthrow of Ulbricht in possibly violent and, for them, humiliating forms. Or, with this fear in mind, the Russians may accept the alternative that they themselves begin to change the East German regime to some extent—not as part of the treaty with us, but while the negotiations are still in progress; and if the Soviets do that, we might well advise the West Germans to come to terms with such a transitional East German regime as a necessary step to peace and unity. To accept the formula of confederation before the East German regime has changed substantially would, however, be to put the cart before the horse.

Finally, the negotiations are likely to be long-drawn out and difficult at best. Prime Minister Macmillan will spend a week to 10 days in Moscow later this month. Before and after that exploratory visit there will be further exchanges of views between London, Washington, Paris and Bonn. While negotiations are in progress, the West must do nothing either to increase tension or to give away positions which may still be needed in case of failure. This means that the Western governments should be willing to assure the Soviets that West Germany will not be equipped with atomic armaments (the first stage of the revised Rapacki plan) while there is any hope of agreement. But there should be no promise permanently to discriminate against our West German ally in case negotiations fail.

Radioactive Graveyards

CONGRESS has begun the study of a problem as neglected from the public standpoint today as "fallout" from atomic bomb tests was in 1954. The same Holifield Subcommittee on Radiation of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy which brought out the facts about fallout has been listening to and questioning the leading experts on radioactive waste disposal. Thus far, their 715 pages of testimony (5 days and 37 star witnesses) reveal that the hazards of radioactive waste from the peacetime atomic power industry are potentially even greater than fallout from atomic weapons tests. But judging by what has so far appeared in the press, this will remain one of the better-kept secrets of the year.

The difficulty, briefly, is that after 15 years of research, as we head into a rising curve of production of fission products, dispersed all over the country, we do not know how to dispose permanently of the highly radioactive material produced in making them. "It is not extraordinary that any evolving industry produces waste," Dr. Abel Wolman of Johns Hopkins pointed out in the opening hearing. "We dispose of the wastes of almost every industry in the US by actual conversion into harmless materials, either into surface waters, into the air or into the ground." But this particular industry "is peculiar in producing a series of wastes which are not disposable in the familiar meaning of the word 'disposed' in the present state of knowledge."

Currently, plutonium producing plants are discharging waste with a low level of radioactivity into the air or water, putting intermediate level waste into cans and dumping it in the ocean, and storing the highly radioactive material temporarily in huge tanks buried 20 feet below the surface of the earth. (The Oak Ridge National Laboratory is filling its "burial ground" with such tanks at the rate of five acres a year; the Idaho Falls atomic energy reservation has set aside an 80-acre corner as a radioactive burying ground.) Seventy million gallons of high-level liquid wastes are already stored underground in the US, the Holifield Committee learned, and industry will have 200 million to one billion gallons with a radioactivity of 100 billion curies to dispose of by 1980.

These high-level materials differ in two ways from any industrial waste managed by society in the past, as Dr. Wolman explained to the Radiation Subcommittee:

> They are not detected by the human senses. . . . They are not subject to human taste or odor. They give no indication to the average individual as to their existence or non-existence.
>
> Their toxicity, in general terms, both radioactive and chemical, is greater by far than any industrial material with which we have hitherto dealt in this or any other country.

So great is the toxicity that to prevent contamination of

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surface waters the materials must be supervised and controlled for hundreds—probably 500—years to be safe. One radioisotope, Americum-241, has a "half-life" (the time in which about half the original capacity for radiation is lost) of 510 years, which means that the waste will still retain some radioactivity "even after several thousands of years," according to the head of Oak Ridge's Health Physics Division. He estimates further the quantity of Strontium-90 produced will be so large by the year 2000 that 16,000 cubic *miles* of water would be needed to dilute it safely—more fresh water than there is in the world, including the polar ice cap.

The Holifield hearings did not present these facts in any alarmist spirit. The purpose is to produce a body of knowledge similar to that which it assembled on fallout before—and thus to learn where we must move. Some things are already obvious: (1) Far more emphasis must be given to long-term research into possible solutions for high-level waste, such as the use of salt beds or abandoned oil wells for storing liquids, and development of ways of reducing the liquids to solids which could be stored in concrete vaults;

(2) International agreements on criteria and supervision of disposal are necessary to prevent future contamination of world air and water supplies;

(3) Legislation is needed to clarify responsibility for the public health and safety in these new circumstances. Private industry does not have the continuity to supervise a "burial ground" for 500 years. Certainly 49 or 50 different sets of state regulations would only confuse the situation. Past experience in safeguarding against fallout from bomb tests suggests that the Atomic Energy Commission should not be asked to regulate itself (which is what the Commission is doing now). ("I would predict that responsibility resting solely in the AEC for inspection of this advancing nuclear industry would fall of its own weight if the industry grows as we hope it will," Dr. Wolman testified.)

A combination of federal agencies, with the Public Health Service—since basically this is a public health matter—in charge of coordinating the divided responsibilities, may be the answer.

Rockefeller Taxes

FACED WITH a large prospective deficit, mandatory increases in state aid programs, and uncertain revenue prospects in the State of New York, Governor Nelson Rockefeller could have chosen one of two unpleasant alternatives—a cut in spending or an increase in taxes. He creditably refused to curtail programs which he had supported and promised to expand during the successful campaign. He was left only with a tax increase. Quite possibly he has overestimated the gap between receipts and expenditures. Such, at least, is the contention of Arthur Levitt, the only Democrat to survive the Republican landslide in New York. But much more disconcerting to the Governor's liberal admirers is the character of the increases. Of the $277 million in new revenue anticipated, $150 million will come from the state income tax, $47 million from a two-cent rise in cigarette levies, and $69.5 million from larger gasoline imposts. Given the structure of state finances, the Governor had to depend on these taxes, but he could have moderated their regressive impact. Of these taxes, both the cigarette and the gasoline tax (save possibly in New York City where the poor do not own cars) take a larger percentage from those whose incomes are lower.

The change in the state income tax which might have counteracted these effects seems rather to intensify them. The drastic drop in exemptions from $2,500 for a married couple to $1,200 and from $1,000 for a single person to $600 will add 400,000 new taxpayers to the rolls. The $10 exemption will relieve only 100,000 of them from this new charge. Such changes inevitably fall most heavily on those who earn less than $5,000. For example, a married couple with no children earning $3,500 will pay $39 instead of $13, a rise of 200 percent. If a couple with the same income have a single child, their tax liability rises from $5 to $21, or more than 300 percent. Although the dollar amounts are small, the tendency is unfortunate. It is not as if there were no alternative. Relatively slight increases in the upper brackets and more modest downward shifts in the exemptions would have produced the same revenues.

What Our Cities Need

"THE METROPOLITAN problem," said the Rockefeller Brothers' Report,

> has been called the major domestic problem of our times. But the nation as a whole has not awakened to its gravity. The piecemeal approach to date is inadequate and self-defeating. . . . The blight of slums is spreading through our metropolitan areas, and particularly in the centers of our cities, at a rate far in excess of our programs to remedy it.

The Report then went on to recommend an annual federal expenditure rate for urban renewal reaching $2 billion to $3.5 billion a year by 1967.

Translating this recommendation into immediate legislative terms, the American Municipal Association and the National Conference of Mayors have urged urban renewal programs of at least $600 million per year for a 10-year period. Sen. Joseph Clark, among others, has been fighting hard in Congress for the Mayors' program as against Administration proposals for spending $250 million a year for three years, and $200 million a year in each of the three years thereafter. But what the Senate Democratic leadership finally accepted and adopted last

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week is a six-year, $350 million a year program.

The House is unlikely to act any more boldly than the Senate, and the immediate result is the curtailment and postponement of many urban renewal projects already past the planning stage. As for the future, the need and demand for federal urban renewal assistance will multiply. In this tenth year of the federal program the $1.35 billion initially authorized has been used up—but many hundreds of cities which have been encouraged by Washington to plan for urban renewal are only now filing their applications. Four hundred cities are presently participating in the federal program; the number of cities seeking to join the program is increasing at a rate soon expected to swell the total by 100 per year. Enabling legislation for new programs is pending in nine states not now encompassed in the program, and as of the end of next June, the gap between applications before the Urban Renewal Administration and the funds then available will be at least $400 million.

Technically the gap between what is to be appropriated and what is needed can be bridged by Executive leadership: the Clark forces succeeded on the Senate floor in winning acceptance of an amendment directing the President to raise the urban renewal expenditure for any one year to $500 million when the backlog of applications warrants it (within an over-all ceiling for the six years of $2.1 billion). On the basis of the present flow of applications this would mean a $500 million program for the first four years and then, when the spending authority is exhausted, a new move for renewal action by Congress. But as in any Congressional directive to the Executive, there is leeway for Executive discretion: the President decides whether the backlog of applications warrants the full $500 million. The Clark amendment seems to have been accepted on the assumption that the President would not in fact follow the directive.

"You'll Be Surprised"

WHILE Donald J. Hardenbrook, chairman of the Board of the American Creosoting Corporation and speaking on behalf of the National Association of Manufacturers, was telling the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee last week that legislation is needed to drive labor out of politics, a noted Washington newsletter was telling businessmen how to get into politics.

"There *are* ways that you can influence your Congressmen . . . *legally*," advises the newsletter. First, businessmen should arrange to meet their Representatives and Senators at home or in Washington. "Don't," it cautions, "limit your contact to a formal conference. . . . It's better to talk about *other* things first . . . people back home, sports, hobbies, etc. Invite your Congressman to lunch or dinner . . . or to a social affair. Make him feel you think he's smart and important." But, *"don't overspend* on entertainment . . . *Very important:* Don't get gifts of any kind."

After a close personal friendship has been established (through meetings at conventions, or fishing trips or golf games), and "after you're on a *first-name* basis, casually ask his advice about a personal or business problem . . . let him develop a reputation as a *problem-solver.* Praise him for his astuteness. Very soon, you'll find him *wanting* to live up to this developed reputation. At that stage, you'll be surprised at how open-minded he will become on issues on which you had previously thought him bitterly opposed."

Less for Education

THE National Defense Education Act, hailed in 1958 as a practical response to the educational urgencies of the Space Age, is suffering major amputations at the hands of economy advocates. The President's budget recommendation of a supplemental appropriation for NDEA of $75.3 million would bring its total for fiscal 1959 to only $115.3 million, compared with $183.3 million authorized by law for the first of four years. His 1960 budget request of $150 million, compared with the $222 million authorized for fiscal 1960 means that, even if the full amounts requested for the two years are voted by Congress (which is not certain) the nation's emergency educational program will be deprived during its first two years of more than $140 million—or about 35 percent—of the $405 million originally voted for that period by Congress. The programs losing most money are Student Loans ($60.5 million) and Science, Mathematics and Foreign Language Instruction ($28.6 million); yet the US Office of Education reports a far greater demand for the loans than was anticipated, and the need for strengthening of instructional programs is generally acknowledged.

A curious collection of obstacles has been thrown in the way of the proposed $75.3 million supplemental appropriation for the remainder of fiscal 1959 ending June 30. Although the President's recommendation was made about one month ago, the Budget Bureau has sat on the request while precious weeks slip by. As of February 8 the request still had not gone to Congress. And Democrat Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, has made sure of a hostile reception when it does arrive. Ordinarily this would go before the Subcommittee headed by Rep. John E. Fogarty (D, R.I.), but Cannon is sending it instead to a seldom used Special Subcommittee headed by the conservative Albert Thomas (D, Tex.) and composed almost exclusively of like-minded men such as John J. Rooney (D, N.R.) and Frank T. Bow (R, Ohio). They are counted on to cut NDEA funds still further.

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Decisions of the Soviet Party Congress

THE 21ST CONGRESS of the Soviet Communist Party was not an epoch-making event like its predecessor three years ago, at which Khrushchev made his historic "secret speech." It has, however, confirmed both the personal domination of Khrushchev and the broad outlines of the post-Stalinist policies pursued by him. The swelling chorus of adulation for the creative leader who initiated all the great political, economic and educational reforms of recent years and defeated the knavish tricks of the "anti-party group" single-handed has finally ended what was left of the fiction of "collective leadership." But there has been no tendency to return to mass terrorism, to the use of the secret police as an instrument of everyday rule, or to the replacement of economic incentives by brutal compulsion; on the contrary, state force is to be increasingly disguised as the pressure of "social organizations," all, of course, directed by the party.

In foreign affairs, the diplomacy of coexistence will continue, along with threats and crises at well-chosen moments; the West is again urged to "end the Cold War" and to "let the peoples decide" about the outcome of peaceful competition, but the peoples of Eastern Europe will be given no such opportunity, while moral support for Communist and "anti-imperialist" movements will go on. At the same time, Khrushchev has made it even clearer than before that he no longer believes in a serious risk of world war by Western attack; finally, the effort to woo the non-Communist neutrals in Asia and Africa will continue undiminished.

Within the Communist world, the serious ideological challenge presented by Mao Tse-tung last fall, when the Chinese communes were presented as a revolutionary shortcut to the higher stage of egalitarian Communism, has been quickly brought under control. There is much to be said for the view that it was primarily because of that challenge that the present extraordinary Congress was called at all (within a few days of the Chinese announcement); it was certainly the reason why the new Soviet seven-year plan, the official theme of the Congress, was presented as "the first stage of the all-round building of Communism." Soviet ideological journals have been full of learned arguments as to why the higher stage of Communism can only be reached on the basis of productive abundance due to the very highest technical level—arguments which the Chinese Communists finally had to accept by mid-December, in the light of their own difficulties as well as of Soviet pressure. Khrushchev made the point again before the Congress to the applause of Chou En-lai; but he has also explicitly conceded that the Chinese communes, now that the challenging claim of a shortcut to Communism is abandoned, are the kind of peculiar institutions to which each loyal Communist country is entitled. He has thus once again confined the claim of Soviet authority to leadership in foreign policy and ideology, while leaving some scope for practical variety within the limits of the "common laws of Socialist development"—a statement which Mr. Gomulka has been quick to welcome.

But the unsettled issues are hardly less vital. In mapping out the road to Communism, Mr. Khrushchev not only dazzled his hearers with rows of more or less realistic production figures and rather unrealistic promises of a drastic reduction of working hours; he also indicated that the time has come when the collective farmers—recently the main beneficiaries of his reform—will have to pay by greater subordination to new forms of state direction. State control over their investments is to be strengthened in a variety of ways, including mixed state-kolkhoz enterprises; after the reduction of the private plots of the collective farmers, an effort is to be made also to reduce the private herds, which still comprise a good half of the rising livestock population of the Soviet Union; and Khrushchev's old pet project of the resettlement of the villagers in "agro-towns" (he now calls them "new settlements of an urban type") is to be revived. This program is significant proof of the party's desire, after its recent economic successes, to start anew twisting the country's life in accordance with ideological designs; but so far no time-table is attached to it, and this is the kind of program which may be ineffective if no serious pressure is used, and may damage production if it is.

FINALLY, no decision was taken either on the fate of the "anti-party group." Clearly, Molotov, Kaganovich and their associates have not been prepared to make the unconditional political surrender required of them; and the fact that they were not "called to account before the Congress," as one delegate demanded, suggests that Khrushchev was not eager to let them make a statement of their own drafting before this semi-public forum. Their expulsion for "factional struggle against the party's policy" will now probably be decided behind the closed doors of a Central Committee meeting; but the fact that most members of the party presidium no longer described the group as "criminal" suggests that at least the idea of following expulsion by a Stalin-style trial has been dropped for the time being. Yet a number of speakers indicated that Malenkov at least, whom Khrushchev clearly hates and fears most, may still be tried *not* for his political opposition to Khrushchev, but for his former "violations of Socialist legality," *i.e* his participation in Stalin's crimes. The case would not be difficult to make; but it might well prove difficult to stop with Malenkov.

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My Life With Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE LENGTH of time I have already lived was recently impressed on me by an incident in London. Walking through Grosvenor Square with my 10-year-old son, we stopped before the bronze statue of a famous statesman of former times.

"Once upon a time," I found myself telling John, "I was that man's office-boy. And when I was his office-boy, anyone who had predicted that he would someday have a statue in London would have been called upon to have his head examined."

Franklin Roosevelt's path and mine first joined in the summer of 1924 when we worked together to have the Democratic Convention, then meeting in New York, nominate Al Smith for President. In a sense we were entering politics together, the two of us, although he was actually *re*-entering after his long struggle with polio. The goal of my career, at the age of 13, was the White House. If that was his goal, too, Smith and I never suspected it. In those days such an ambition in him would, I think, have seemed pitiful. We thought of him as a charming patrician, but not (as we all put it) "a heavyweight." If anyone asked who he was (and his name prompted the question), the answer was that he was a distant cousin of the great Theodore, belonging to a Democratic branch of the family.

This pleasant gentleman was Al Smith's campaign manager. I was office-boy. Although we worked in the same office, it was some time before we two actually met. I would arrive at our office well before nine o'clock and complete my job of dusting it before he got there to do whatever the job he did in it was.

Between the two of us I was undoubtedly the more conscientious and hardworking. I ran scared, being conscious of the distance that still separated me from the White House and the fact that I was not getting any younger. One morning I accidentally knocked a bottle of ink off the desk onto the pale green carpet, where it left a blue-black stain that seemed roughly an acre in extent. All that day I waited for a summons and the abrupt termination of my political career. In a sense, I am still waiting.

The fateful meeting between Roosevelt and me did at last occur. I had stepped into the elevator going down —in the Madison Avenue building, where he and I had our office—and the elevator-boy was about to shut the door when someone said to wait. Along came Roosevelt, on the crutches he still used, and got in. One of our common associates presented me to him and we gripped hands.

This did not then seem to me such a memorable occasion as my meeting about the same time with Al Smith in the same elevator. Smith was the great man, while Roosevelt and I were cast in supporting roles. The Governor (as everyone called him) was wearing his brown derby, chewing a cigar, and holding up before his face a typewritten sheaf from which he was reading. His response to the introduction was a simple grunt that did not interrupt his reading. Of the two, Roosevelt was the more affable personality and no such gulf divided us as always divided Smith and me. (Years later, Smith was publicly to call Roosevelt an "old potato," but he always kept silent about me.)

Sometimes Roosevelt and I would go home together after the day's work. If we came out of the building at the same time he would have his chauffeur ask me whether I wanted a lift uptown. Then I would get into the front of the limousine, next to the chauffeur, and we would proceed up Madison Avenue.

As history has recorded, we failed to nominate Smith, but life went on. New and separate vistas opened out before each of us and we drifted apart. Roosevelt stuck to politics. I, by the fall of 1924, had decided that playwriting was to be my career.

But our paths were to cross again. Both of us, from our respective positions, watched the rise of Hitler in Europe and of the militarists in Japan. We knew our country was threatened, and by the spring of 1941 both of us were fully engaged in preparations to meet the threat—he in a civilian capacity, I as a uniformed fighting man whose time was now entirely given to cleaning up after a flock of pigeons in the pigeon-lofts of the Army Signal Center at Fort Monmouth, N. J. (I had worked up to this job, having begun my military career in the Medical Corps, anointing the spaces between the toes of officers who had Athlete's Foot.)

SHORTLY before Pearl Harbor, however, I too received my call to Washington and, taking what proved to be a final leave from the Army, joined the staff of the State Department. That staff comprised, at the time, Secretary of State Hull, Under-Secretary Welles, and some 2,500 other people who came between me and them (as well as between me and Roosevelt). But, although we were destined never to meet again, Roosevelt and I were once more drawing toward each other. In the course of those stirring years we came, at last, to collaborate on the speeches that have since become a part of the nation's memory. Always, in the division of this labor, it was he rather than I who delivered the speeches. But they belonged to both of us, as they did to the other 2,500 who collaborated on them.

I don't want to make too much of this relationship. I belonged to a different generation and was destined to survive Roosevelt. But as we stood, my son and I, before the monumental bronze of a departed statesman, and as my own suddenly evoked memory impressed me with the fact that I had already experienced a whole generation of history, it struck me that I was now getting to the age where a man may appropriately publish his reminiscences.

LOUIS J. HALLE

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Those Uncanny Predictions

Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

by BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

ON PAGE 21 of the April 21, 1958, issue of *Newsweek,* the Editor-in-Chief in a message to readers said: "Somewhere, at every moment of the day, the men and women of *Newsweek* are at work on missions of many kinds . . . in a hut in the jungles of Cuba or Indonesia, a literary salon in Europe, at the White House in Washington, or a machine shop in Ypsilanti."

There are, indeed, *Newsweek* correspondents who travel to sources of news all over the world, but the Editor-in-Chief may have slighted a key man: the intrepid editor who each workday takes the elevator to his office in the Newsweek Building at 152 West 42nd Street in New York and fearlessly reads the *New York Times.*

The correspondents in Cuba, Paris and Ypsilanti produce some first rate articles in *Newsweek,* but the editor reading the *New York Times* produces more than all the others combined.

The use of so sturdy a source of news as the *New York Times* is admirable, but *Newsweek,* as does its uptown rival, *Time,* tends to present this same information not so much as fallible words from identifiable human sources as The Revealed Truth recorded in Holy Writ.

Both *Time* and *Newsweek* have human beings covering news, many of them competent. *Time* has 53 full-time correspondents listed in 15 American cities outside New York, and 32 in 15 foreign cities. *Newsweek* has 29 in six American cities outside New York, and 11 in seven foreign cities. Both maintain additional "stringers," local reporters, usually newspapermen, who are available to cover specific items on a fee basis. And both maintain large staffs in their New York headquarters to compile, write and edit the stories.

Yet, David Cort, who worked on *Time* magazine from 1932 to 1946, says that 75 percent of the material in *Time* came directly from the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald-Tribune.* Staff members at *Newsweek* say the percentage there is at least as high as at *Time.*

Newsweek is the middle magazine of the Big Three, at least for the moment. Its net paid weekly circulation in 1957 was 1,119,000. But it was being approached rapidly by *U.S. News & World Report,* which has tripled its circulation in eight years and in 1958 was reported to be more than one million. *Time* has twice that circulation.

Newsweek has struck many of its readers as being the middle magazine in another way. To some it has appeared to be an imitation of both its rivals. There are signs that it has copied features of its competitor, *U.S. News & World Report:* verbatim interviews, graphic display of economic and social data, and possibly a more conservative slant.

At the same time *Newsweek* has had the reputation in the trade of being a kind of downtown edition of *Time* magazine. It has used the same basic cover color, red. Its format is almost the same. The departments into which the magazine is divided have only minor variations from *Time.* And its picture captions and the style of its text writing have followed the creations of *Time,* usually without much skill.

Some of the similarities may stem from the effect *Time* has had on all popular journalism. It was *Time,* for example, that changed the prevailing style of picture captions from the lugubrious cadences of the *National Geographic* to the crisp, cryptic, teasing phrases commonly attempted in newspapers and magazines today.

Time's writing style, known as "Timestyle" during the Brass Age of the magazine, went through several stages, taking some journalistic literature, including *Newsweek's,* with it. But in the beginning it sounded like a small town weekly. An item from Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Time* magazine, dated March 23, 1923, said:

> Mrs. H. H. Votaw and Miss Abigail Harding, sisters of the President of the United States, arrived at Buenos

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BEN H. BAGDIKIAN *is a reporter on* The Providence Journal-Bulletin *in which his study of the newsmagazines originally appeared. His first article—on* U.S. News and World Report—*appeared in* The New Republic *of February 2, and the series will conclude with his analysis of* Time *magazine.*

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> Aires from Montevideo. They were received by representatives of the American Embassy and the Argentine Foreign Office.

Fifteen years later such an event would have taken on the dramatic air of a subequatorial rendezvous. By that period *Time* was using "Timestyle," an artificial, superdramatic form of writing that used manufactured words placed in upsidedown sentences. This was the era of *Time* obituaries that always tolled the melodramatic phrase, "As it must to all men, death came last week to . . ." It was the era of "cinemaddict" for "movie fan" and the formula whereby an archaic or rare word was used every few hundred lines with a footnote explaining what it meant (the idea was to give the middle-brow reader of *Time* the feeling that by reading the magazine he was in the intellectual big leagues—but with no strain on his intelligence).

In recent years *Time* has achieved literary respectability. While it still tends to pronounce the news in tones of divine authority, it usually does it in recognizable English prose, some of it highly effective. It could describe the late Senator Bilbo of Mississippi:

> He was a wretched, sick and snarling little man. But he had the voice of a brass trumpet, blaring venom and racism.

Newsweek has appeared to imitate these styles. But where *Time* used imaginative, precise words, *Newsweek* tends to use flat and tired ones. Where *Time* confidently issued the news like Moses Revealing the Divine Word inscribed on his tablet in the Madison Avenue dialect, *Newsweek's* Moses often seems to carry a curbstone instead of a tablet and the message comes out in the idiom of Main Street. In *Newsweek*, for example, the facts can come from the *New York Times,* the *New York Herald-Tribune,* the Associated Press, United Press International and Reuters, but often the reader sees it as absolute truth souped up with a few 42nd Street adjectives. On June 9, 1958, *Newsweek* wrote:

> On Memorial Day at Indianapolis, hard-bitten mechanics tuned up the powerful, low-hung cars and 33 taut drivers roared out. . . .

Or else routine news and publicity releases find themselves draped in the metaphors that burden bad newspaper copy, freshman themes, and other transgressions on the English language:

> Esther's company is International Swimming Pool Corp., which like all others, is splashing its way to new records. This year . . . a gurgling $100 million more. . . .

Or in the August 11, 1958, issue a brewery official explained a transaction, or as *Newsweek* put it, "quickly blew the mystifying froth off the glass."

Another feature of *Newsweek* that detracts from its value as a news organ is its persistent self-promotion. It is constantly telling the reader what a splendid job *Newsweek* is doing presenting the news, perhaps on the newsmagazine theory that readers have trouble judging the facts for themselves.

It is not unusual for the editors of *Newsweek* to use 10 percent of the space in an important story telling the reader about *Newsweek*. History could conceivably look back with awe at the American offer to ban nuclear bomb tests. But if it looks to *Newsweek,* it will find that on September 1 the magazine used the first 30 percent of its lead page on the story to tell the reader that *Newsweek* had said this was going to happen.

On the other hand, *Newsweek's* approach to the news often is more conventional and thus more readily judged by the reader than is *Time's*. The magazine often produces first-rate special articles on large themes. And it is unique among its rivals in regularly printing reports under the signature of real, identifiable human beings.

U.S. News & World Report, except for some of its foreign reports, usually ascribes even eye-witness stories to its "Board of Editors." *Time* is a collective effort, and unlike even the Bible, offers the reader no clue as to who wrote stories that express highly individual value judgments.

Newsweek and *Time* both have back-of-the-book departments reporting and commenting on special fields in American arts, sciences and entertainment that provide material usually overlooked in the daily press. (While there is evidence that *Newsweek,* for example, reads the *New York Herald-Tribune* carefully for its information, it was also able to note in its Press section that the *Herald-Tribune* had omitted any stories about the peccadilloes of the son of the dictator of the Dominican Republic at about the same time that the newspaper was printing heavy advertisements from the Dominican Republic, a noteworthy sidelight on American mass media that probably would have gone unnoted in the daily press.)

Newsweek does not seem to be dominated by a single strong set of political-social opinions or a powerful personality, as do *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report.*

THE leading figure of *Newsweek* is Malcolm Muir, Editor-in-Chief since 1937, who has been in publishing all of his life, with heavy emphasis on business and sales. He had been president of McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., where he was influential in the creation of several trade publications and of the now highly successful magazine, *Business Week*. His strength was said to be salesmanship. Speeches and papers for which he was known in publishing circles were, "Breaking Down Sales Resistance in Industrial Selling," "Shadows of State Socialism," and "National Dangers of the Thirty-Hour Week." In 1937 Vincent Astor and Averell Harriman headed Weekly Publications, Inc., which had been printing a magazine called *News-Week* since 1933. They brought Muir to head the enterprise (Astor became chair-

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man of the board, remained until his recent death; Harriman became a director, no longer is. Muir took out the hyphen and the upper case "W" in the title and added the formula of news commentary and special reports. During the war and immediately afterward the magazine produced some notable special articles. But the elder Muir has always remained interested primarily in the fiscal and managerial strength of the publication. He is a director of the National Association of Manufacturers and other prominent business organizations.

Executive Editor of the magazine is his son, Malcolm Muir, Jr., who spent the early years of his career with the United Press and with newspapers.

Thus, *Newsweek* appears to many to reflect the economic and political conservatism of its chief. At the same time *Newsweek* shows hesitancy in plunging completely into personal dogma in the news, which some ascribe to the conventional news disciplines learned earlier by the Executive Editor.

The magazine appears less unified and more loosely edited, and this, too, seems to add to its reputation of being less biased in its presentation of the news than *Time*. Nevertheless, *Newsweek* seems compelled to duplicate *Time's* air of knowing it all. Yet, the holy wars of *Time* and self-congratulations of *Newsweek* arise for the most part from the same human world of news as the imperfect daily press.

Taking one issue of *Newsweek* at random, June 16 of last year, one finds that National Affairs carries information which is 53 percent identical with news in the *New York Times* for the days during which *Newsweek* was being compiled. There is a heavy concentration of *Times* items from the days—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—in which *Newsweek* is selecting its major stories.

In that issue of *Newsweek* there is one story in which the order of facts and a stretch of language is identical with the *New York Times,* although this conceivably could be coincidence.

In addition, the interpretation that *Newsweek* puts on news events, particularly foreign events, appears to follow closely the *New York Times* editorials of that week.

One can speculate on the hungry eye of the editor who reads the *Times*. On Page 33 of the June 16 issue of *Newsweek* there is a story entitled: "DISASTER, Toll of the Wreckers." It blends three separate news items into a single theme. Two are of tornadoes striking Wisconsin (the facts in *Newsweek* match exactly those in an Associated Press report), and of a grasshopper plague in the Southwest (the facts for which match those in the *New York Times* report). A third item was far-fetched for the DISASTER theme, reporting that volunteer hurricane watchers had started their seasonal duties. One may speculate that the *Newsweek* editor saw the grasshopper story on Page 21 of the *New York Times* of June 7 and just below it, by chance on the same page, a routine story on the hurricane watchers (with facts that match exactly those that appeared in *Newsweek*).

A REASONABLE reader could hardly argue with the use by *Newsweek* and *Time* of reliable, conventional sources of news, like the *New York Times* and the Associated Press. But one might question the air of superior knowledge, the self-promotion and the dogmatic judgments of news displayed by the magazines without providing the reader with some sign of the source. Unlike the newspaper and wire service sources of much of the magazines' facts, *Newsweek* and *Time* leave the reader with a set of opinions and almost no room to judge the meaning of the news for himself. They provide little clue as to whose opinion he is reading. An issue of *Newsweek* declared:

> Lifting the Curtain, East Berlin—Red China . . . is calling now for an early trial of Imry Nagy, Premier of short-lived free Hungary. . . .

The date on *Newsweek* was June 23, 1958. The execution of Nagy had been announced on front pages everywhere six days earlier, on June 17.

Didn't the editors of *Newsweek* see on Tuesday, the 17th, the news of the death of a man they reported alive six days later? Undoubtedly they did, and no doubt with considerable chagrin. For on the Tuesday that Tass, the Russian news agency, announced the execution of Nagy, the *Newsweek* editors were on their Monday-Tuesday "weekend." They had sent the magazine to the presses Sunday night with the "news" of the demand for Nagy's trial; Tass announced Nagy's death on Tuesday; the magazine first hit the newsstands on Wednesday—and the date on it was the following Monday. The news inside is eight days older than the date on the magazine.

Like most magazines, *Newsweek* puts an advanced date on the magazine for understandable commercial reasons: it is easier to appear up-to-date by changing the calendar; and when a prospective buyer looks at the magazine he is less apt to think that it is "last week's issue."

All the Big Three newsmagazines have an eight-day gap between the day they send news to press and the date on the magazine, and all of them have a five-day gap between the day they appear and the date on the cover. It is no major sin. It is of interest chiefly because it is part of the newsmagazine mystique that makes it necessary to know everything, or to appear to know everything, and to give the reader the feeling that he is privileged to peer with the editors into the future, or at least into the secrets of the past and the inner soul of the present.

Many of the correspondents who provide material for this mystical insight are competent men, highly regarded within the trade. And on more than one occasion they have dug out newer, better and more important news than the daily newspapers. But in their daily operations

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the editors of the magazine ignore the dreary rules of conventional news reporting whereby the reader is supposed to be told where the news comes from. This is a discipline on reporters, preventing mere rumors, planted items, and reporters' wishes and opinions from being presented as facts. And it provides the reader with some basis for judging the seriousness, significance and reliability of the news.

All news organizations from time to time use material with only a vague source specified: "a high official" or "diplomatic sources." These are sometimes first-hand official statements of importance given on condition that the correspondent not give the source, for diplomatic reasons. Or else in the judgment of the correspondent a story is basically sound and important to print, even though no individual will let his name back it up (in which case the reputation of the correspondent gives the reader a guide). But these are special cases in most news organizations, and the whole weight of professional practice is to tell the reader both the news and where it came from.

UNHAMPERED by such rules, the newsmagazine editor can write news that is more readable, and legitimately so. Few persons, for example, would argue with the scrupulousness and usefulness of the *New York Times'* Review of the Week. But the lack of restraint in the newsmagazines often permits the news to look more titillating and more authoritative than the facts warrant, giving the reader little hint as to when the news stops and the editorial titillating begins, or when the facts end and editorial dogma takes over.

In the June 23, 1958, *Newsweek*, for example, one reads: " . . . the extreme rightists not only are largely uncontrolled in Algeria but are rapidly gaining strength in France itself."

The same week in *Time* one reads of the same rightists: "Abandoned by their idols and outflanked by the Army—which has quietly taken over almost all key posts in the Algerian civil administration—the diehards had little choice but to make what amounted to a humiliating confession of defeat."

In *Newsweek:* "rapidly gaining strength."

In *Time:* "a humiliating confession of defeat."

When Secretary of State Dulles appeared before a hostile Senate committee, *Newsweek* reported February 4, 1957: "Dulles flushed deeply, then went pale. He stopped his restless doodling and his pencil fell from his fingers."

Time, the same week: "Dulles scribbled heavily at his doodle pad, his face beet-red."

Newsweek concluded: " . . . Fulbright and his Senate friends were plucking political fiddle strings."

U.S. News & World Report said of Dwight Eisenhower's first political appearance in 1952: "Voice . . . harsher than expected. Not much warmth."

Time the same week said: "They liked him for his strong, vigorous manner of speech."

Two weeks later *U.S. News & World Report* said:

> Dwight D. Eisenhower . . . found himself deep in the bewildering wonderland of big league politics . . . so far as neutral observers could tell, the Eisenhower side seemed to be losing as many skirmishes as it was winning.

Time the same week said: "They like him because he turned out to be an amazingly good campaigner . . . for his quiet control. . . ."

In the June 13, 1958, *U.S. News & World Report:*

> Why are six Soviet fishing boats stationed constantly off the East Coast of Canada? . . . That riddle has puzzled US and Canadian officials for some months.

In *Newsweek,* dated three days later:

> Pentagon Pipeline, Navy Headquarters—Top officials here insist there is no indication that those Soviet trawlers off Newfoundland are on any sinister mission. . . . As for recent press reports that the trawlers are up to no good, a well-informed officer says: Things must have been quiet over the holidays.

Two weeks later *U.S. News & World Report* had an answer to its riddle: It said "Western intelligence officials" report "Why Red Subs Prowl US Coasts—Russians Mopping Ocean Floors Around America . . . " explaining that the trawlers merely supply the subs.

That week *Newsweek* had a new version. In a red-lined special display it said:

> THE REDS SNOOPING CLOSE TO HOME—WHY? While the Navy still publicly insisted that the Soviet "fishing" fleet off the Newfoundland coast (see Periscope, June 16, above) was only interested in fish, intelligence reports were somewhat more candid. It seems that (they) . . . are serving as floating headquarters for Russian subs which are jamming US radar in Iceland, and eavesdropping on experimental electronic installations in the Boston area. . . .

On June 23 *Newsweek* displayed its June 16 item proudly as a sign of its authority, although its June 23 story was the reverse of the one on June 16.

Where does this leave the reader? First, *U.S. News & World Report* says "US and Canadian officials" are "puzzled."

Newsweek at the same time says "top officials" and "a well-informed officer" are not puzzled at all, that the boats are just fishing. Then *U.S. News & World Report,* which had previously reported "US and Canadian officials" puzzled reported that "Western intelligence officials" are not puzzled but know the boats are mapping the ocean floor (presuming US and Canadian officials were still puzzled, the "Western intelligence officials" must be Western European or Latin American, a grave commentary on North American intelligence). But *Newsweek*, which failed at the time to tell the readers its "top officials" and "well-informed officer" were not

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being "candid," finally told the reader that "intelligence reports" have the boats jamming radar.

Using the same vague references, *Newsweek* last May explained why President Eisenhower lost his temper and responded angrily to a reporter. Quoting "Intimates of the President," *Newsweek* said:

> Far from getting him down, they said, the press conference blowoff was an indication that Mr. Eisenhower felt genuinely confident about the Administration's ability to handle problems facing the nation.

A normally skeptical reader might ask for more documentation for the claim that a man loses his temper because he feels so good. And a reader of the newsmagazine might be excused if occasionally he becomes skeptical when the glib, authoritative, rootless conclusions change from week to week, and from magazine to magazine.

The important point is not that interpretations and conclusions differ. Honest, reasonable men often differ in their view of the same scene. In the handling of news this ordinarily acts as a discipline; there is an obligation to let the reader know what is documented fact, what is rumor, what is wishful thinking, and what is personal opinion. In the newsmagazines, particularly *Newsweek* and *Time*, little distinction is made. The operating rule is that the world must be presented as clear, black-and-white, and interpreted with positive authority.

Above all, it must also be highly readable. As the publisher of *Newsweek* reported of a survey in his weekly column on November 7, 1955:

> . . . Articles in *Newsweek* are more readable than those in other news and business magazines. . . . In another phase of the testing, it was found that the Newsweek test article was more thoroughly comprehended than articles from the other magazines. . . .

"That is," the Publisher added, apparently uncertain that he had been thoroughly comprehended, "the reader retained more of what he read in *Newsweek*."

In *Newsweek* of May 3, 1954, the Publisher told his readers in a column entitled "Periscope Progress":

> The Periscope, the first feature of its kind to appear in any publication, was first carried in *Newsweek* in 1937. . . . Remarkable for its accuracy, the Periscope's outstanding reputation is the result of the combined efforts of a well-integrated editorial group and a large corps of strategically placed confidential correspondents. It is closely read throughout the world and its influence is considerable.

Since prophecy seems to be a compulsion that newsmagazines find hard to resist, it is rewarding to study *Newsweek's*, particularly in the issue reporting "remarkable . . . accuracy." In that May 3, 1954, Periscope section, for example, one finds:

> The Inside Story, The White House—The inner circle here is predicting that ex-Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., now US Ambassador to the UN, will replace Sherman Adams as Ike's White House chief of staff.

Four years later this "inside story" had failed to reach the outside world. Ultimately, Sherman Adams did resign, some 1,500 days later, but was not replaced by Mr. Lodge.

The efficiency of the "well-integrated editorial group" can be seen in another Periscope item that same week:

> Military Straws, Tokyo—Look for Brig. Gen. Don Zimmerman of the Far East Air Force . . . to head up the faculty at the new Air Force Academy.

The editorial group could look in the future for this, or it could have looked behind 10 days to the April 23 *New York Times*, which carried an official announcement of General Zimmerman's appointment as dean of the faculty of the Air Force Academy.

The same Periscope column said:

> Behind the Curtain, Oslo—It's becoming more and more clear here that Franz Josef Land, in the Arctic Sea, is the most likely jumping-off place for any Russian airborne attack against the US.

The item neglected to specify behind which curtain the strategically placed confidential correspondent found Oslo, Norway.

Of all the Periscope forecasts and inside tips on national and international affairs of the "remarkable . . . accuracy" issue of May 3, 1954, 52 percent were too vague or were impossible to judge or check and therefore useless to the reader (such as the Franz Josef Land item).

Ten percent were printed elsewhere first.

Eighteen percent were correct. (This included items like one saying President Eisenhower would spend two months in Denver "this summer." The general rumor had been printed elsewhere first, and the President spent two autumn months there, but the item was counted correct.) Twenty-nine percent proved wrong.

In addition to world affairs, the *Newsweek* Periscope rises from the depths and looks at the sunlit world of Music, Movies, etc. The May 3 issue had three items on "Periscoping TV-Radio" of which one was wrong, one was partly wrong (and the remainder obvious), and the third had been printed elsewhere first and was based on a publicity release.

The issue also "Periscoped" music: Of three items, two were wrong, one partly wrong.

In Periscoping movies, of four items, one was totally wrong, one mostly wrong, one was from a Hollywood release, and the fourth was partly right.

These are the results from one issue, selected at the urging of the publisher. If one takes a broader sample—the first three months of 1957—the percentage of success and usefulness is not much different.

Of the main Periscope section during this period, 17

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percent was accurate and apparently printed first in *Newsweek*. Some 46 percent consisted of items so obvious or vague or so beyond confirmation that they were useless to the reader. An example is the March 18 item: "You can look for the coming investigation of the AFL-CIO Bakers Union to be even more lurid than the Teamsters hearings." It is perfectly accurate that the reader could look for this, if he chose. If he did look he might have trouble deciding that the Bakers' operations were more ghastly yellow than the Teamsters'. But this item was counted in the too-vague-or-impossible-to-check category rather than wrong, as later Teamster disclosures might justify.

Ten percent of the items had been printed elsewhere first, one of them two months earlier.

Twenty-seven percent were wrong.

Some wrong items: "Democratic Chairman Paul Butler has finally and definitely tipped intimates he plans to resign in May." Eighteen months later this final and definite tip had failed to materialize. Another was the prediction that David Beck, the Teamster official, would stay in Europe, a forecast printed in the *Newsweek* dated the day after Beck returned to the United States.

On February 11, 1957, Periscope said, "Satellite Shadows, Budapest—Don't be surprised if State Security Minister Ferenc Muennich . . . succeeds Janos Kadar as Premier of Hungary shortly." Readers were not surprised; Muennich didn't succeed Kadar; Kadar is still in office at this writing, 24 months later.

On March 18, 1957, another Periscope said:

> The Diplomatic Wire, New York City—Private advices of the highest quarters reached *Newsweek* on the eve of the Bermuda conference that Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd will be out soon. . . .

Eighteen months later, with Selwyn Lloyd still British Foreign Secretary, *Newsweek* mailed out a promotional letter offering, among other things: "ACCURATE FORECASTS. You'll be the first to know what's ahead, with uncanny 'Periscope' predictions."

New Orleans Knows Better

Helen Fuller on Southerners and Schools

WITH THE SURRENDER of Virginia, the present-day war against the Supreme Court is actually over, but word of this, as in Andy Jackson's day, may not reach Louisiana until after a second Battle of New Orleans has been needlessly fought. Those Louisiana leaders who see a third-party states' rights bolt in 1960 as the final desperate way left to nullify the 1954 decision desegregating the schools need the drama of a pitched battle if they are to win the Governorship this year, and through it control of the state Democratic Party machinery before the 1960 convention.

Lawyers on both sides of *Bush v. Orleans Parish School Board*, the New Orleans public school desegregation case under appeal for three years, anticipate that a final ruling will come before the next September term. If, as there is every reason to expect, Federal Judge Skelly Wright then orders the New Orleans School Board to admit some Negroes to some white schools, the way will be open for the extremist White Citizens' Councils to make school segregation the central issue in the Governorship election in December. What happened when this occurred in Alabama and Georgia in 1958 will most likely recur in Louisiana in 1959. The other candidates, taunted by the spokesman of the WCC, will outpromise each other on the lengths to which they will go to preserve segregation, and Louisiana will wind up with a Governor committed in advance to closing the public schools, as the new Governors of Georgia and Alabama are today.

New Orleans would be the first to suffer and, if allowed to choose for herself, would probably, like Atlanta (see *NR*, Feb. 2, 1959), accept some Negroes into the white school system rather than relinquish public schools entirely. But like Atlanta, New Orleans is at the mercy of the Governor and the legislature. Although Louisiana has no discriminatory County Unit System like Georgia's, Orleans Parish is definitely a minority voice in state government (with 600,000 people out of 2.7 million, who cast 165,000 out of the 617,000 votes for President in 1956). It is only one of three separate and nearly equal parts: "the North, the South and The City —New Orleans," as Harnett Kane explained so well in *Louisiana Hayride* some years ago:

> The South is the Louisiana of earlier stories, though

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altered somewhat by economic trends: the land of the swamps and the bayous, of liquid French and semi-liquid topography, an area of alluvial enriched soil that "grows where you stick your finger in it." Its people are fishermen, trappers, sugar and rice workers; and plantation owners are still powerful figures.

The North is another land, another people, the red hills and the red necks. The soil is dry, hard, thin, the kind over which a man may break his back and yet not make a living. Its population are small farmers, country store-keepers, small town clerks. They are so-called Anglo-Saxons with little mixture of race.

The South is tolerant, easy-going, Catholic. The North is tight-lipped, grim-eyed, Puritan, Protestant. Between the "hard-shelled Baptist country" and the "soft-shelled crab land" are barriers of economics, of race, of creed. In each want . . . is differently accepted. In the North it has brought cankering hatred; it has meant lynchings of Negroes, membership in organizations of dissent, anti-Papism, anti-liquor, anti many things. In the South it has meant volatile debate, perhaps; but that has ended in quiet if regretful assumption of the burden, with a shrug and an "Eh, bien!" South Louisianans have seldom tortured the blacks or one another. They have been inclined to orthodoxy in politics and have often accepted New Orleans and what it stood for, to them, while the North coldly rejected the scarlet witch.

A rule to herself, then, remains New Orleans. . . . No Atlanta, no city of Southern go-getters, she is still the place of good food, good times, good manner of living; still the place wicked (mechante is the proper word) and happy in her wickedness. She draws much of the wealth from the rest of the state and from her trade territory in adjoining states. In her business area center the financial resources of the lower valley of the Father of the Waters, and the control of these resources. The South has distrusted the North, the North has hated the South; speaking strictly, of course, of Louisiana. Both, however, have feared New Orleans.

And they fear New Orleans today, with good reason, as a chink in the wall of "states' rights" defiance of the Supreme Court. "New Orleans should have been the leader in peaceful integration in the South," a Jesuit leader in the city for 20 years explained to me on a quiet Sunday afternoon.

> We have had a steady mixing of races and cultures since the first French settlers came. Our Catholic culture is Latin, not Irish, a difference in terms of tolerance. People from all over the world who swarm through here teach us cosmopolitan ways, and our daily trade contacts with Latin America are as close as those with Houston and Mobile.
>
> New Orleans has never had tight residential restrictions. No Negro section of town was more than four blocks from a white one, until new suburbs were built up after the war (private builders following the public housing pattern now build them all-Negro or all-white). And New Orleans Catholics are accustomed to sitting beside Negroes in church. (There are 14 Negro Catholic parishes in the city but there is lots of mixing of races for Sunday Mass. The present Archbishop has insisted on no segregation in services and gets it, at the great St. Louis Cathedral as elsewhere.)

Certainly there is a tendency in New Orleans to go along with non-Southern ways. The community has given in, slowly but finally, on every one of the federal court decisions which have been chipping away at segregation in the city for years: admitting Negroes to the golf links, the public library (which had Negro branches but did not admit colored to the Central Library), the new New Orleans branch of Louisiana State University, to all seats in the public buses, and finally and most recently, to all the recreation facilities of the city. "When change does come, nothing happens."

Naturally this is exasperating to the WCC, which has sunk a lot of time and money in its missionary work among the heathen New Orleaneans. "What's the matter with you white people?" the chairman of a suburban WCC group in Gentilly asked the audience at a meeting last autumn. "Aren't you interested in the preservation of the white race? To me the whiteness God put in me is the supreme thing in me." WCC membership in New Orleans, he went on to say, "is very low" (falling from an estimated high of 30,000 a year ago), and the lack of concern people showed when the buses were desegregated last Memorial Day "very surprising." (The WCC had advertised the race violence that would surely occur if "white" and "colored" signs were removed from street cars and buses and had alerted listeners to its regular Sunday night telecasts to report all incidents to the Council. Ten days after the buses were peaceably integrated the program announcer sadly remarked that he would report on trouble on the buses as soon as someone sent in an account of some.)

THE TV program helps draw crowds for WCC mass meetings and informs people of which "moderates" are entitled to anonymous telephone calls the next week. Its listening audience is large, but tucked in among the true believers are probably a few superficial amusement seekers. The night I caught the show, after a rousing chorus or two of "Dixie" Dr. William Lee Erwin, dentist-chairman of the New Orleans Council, rose beneath a banner proclaiming "Remember Little Rock" to give us the "Segregation News" roundup. Flash: "Nixon Girls Transferred to All-White D.C. School"; "Earl Warren Portrait Barred from Federal Court House in Los Angeles as Controversial"; "Eastland Says Only Five More Votes Needed to Curb Supreme Court." Not as rousing as the show I heard about where Erwin held in his hand a book used in the New Orleans public schools which "preached integration" and quoted volume and page. (The mad chase to check the reference revealed that the volume was a text in the field of education

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and the page made favorable reference to the "integrated curriculum.") Enough to keep you coming back for more. But not quite enough to inspire New Orleaneans whose ancestors observed the motto "Understand and Live" to go out and look for trouble on the buses.

But in another way the WCC has been very effective in New Orleans. Few "moderate" voices today are raised in support of upholding the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court. There were a number soon after the 1954 decision. But then several ministers were fired and more were warned to hold their tongues. The legislature took care of the educators by including in its massive resistance package one bill providing for dismissal of any school employee advocating integration or expressing an opinion about it. The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce fired its press agent for signing a petition in support of LSU professors who defended the Court. And a campaign of harassment by anonymous phone calls began. The result is stillness in New Orleans.

THERE is no organized effort—as in Atlanta—to encourage people to think in advance of what the loss of the public schools would mean to them and to make their views known. To be sure, only half as many parents are concerned: almost 50 percent of New Orleans children are in private schools. But there is no organized defense of the schools by Protestant clergy or professional men and women, and most Negro leaders in New Orleans seem more interested in their personal political organizations than in matters of principle. The press—an anemic force in New Orleans life—gives its readers no hint that there is cause for concern about the future of the schools.

Even the conduct of the Roman Catholic Church has been influenced by unrelenting WCC warfare against "moderation" in any form. The strong constructive influence for Christian brotherhood exercised by Archbishop Rummel in the 20 years of his office has flagged in the last three years, seemingly because of division on the race question within the Church. Repeatedly, in pastoral letters quoting Papal Encyclicals, the Archbishop has dubbed segregation "a mortal sin," and in 1956 he announced that parochial schools would soon be desegregated. The plan was to begin with the lowest grades—as in Nashville—and gradually work upward. Parochial schools are so crowded that the number of Negroes admitted would have been small and could have been selective. But before the plan could go into effect, an Association of Catholic Laymen publicly took issue with the Archbishop. Its leader was the moving force behind the statewide WCC, Deep Delta Boss Leander Perez. Quoting the Pope's Encyclical back at the Archbishop, the association said it could find no specific statement that segregation is immoral. The Archbishop ordered the association's members to disband or be excommunicated. They disbanded their organization. But in a newspaper ad, signed by 90 men who contribute generously to paying the Archbishop's bills, they challenged his authority and appealed to the Pope. (The Pope, of course, has never acknowledged their letter, but the challenge stands.)

The Orleans Parish parochial schools remain segregated—although Catholic schools in the majority of Southern cities are not. And so the diocese has missed the opportunity to serve as a powerful example of peaceful compliance with the law. (The Church schools themselves, however, teach the immorality of race discrimination, according to the pastoral letters, and a New Orleans college teacher says, "I can see the difference in the attitudes in my social problems course between sophomores from the public high schools and the Catholic highs.")

Only the "power structure" of New Orleans business and finance appears to be beyond reach of the WCC. They have no congregations or clients to consult or fear, and their main preoccupation is to keep New Orleans the flourishing center of a growing state. The forward-looking "reform" Mayor, deLesseps S. Morrison, whom they have kept in office for 13 years, looks coldly on anything that might sully the image of the modern progressive city he has helped create. The mayor, the chief of police, and the superintendent of schools are determined that there will be no mob rule in New Orleans. (The police have been professionalized under Mayor Morrison: the assistant chief says in cases of violence his force is trained to crack skulls, no matter what color.) And past experience indicates that coordination between city officials and the judiciary is such that they will succeed in keeping the peace—when and if desegregation of the schools is ordered.

Judge Skelly Wright—the man who will decide the school case—has an excellent sense of timing. He chose the evening before the long Memorial Day weekend, when the city would be on holiday, to order the end of segregation on New Orleans buses. And before he acted, motormen had special instructions on what to do and 75 plainclothesmen on 24-hour duty had been assigned to ride the buses or trail them in cars in case of trouble. When regular riders boarded the following Monday, "mixed" seating was a *fait accompli*. (The WCC leader in the legislature, Sen. W. M. Rainach, could not stir interest in a "seatmate bill," requiring the first occupant of a seat to give his permission for another to join him. Today older Negroes usually sit in the back where they always did; older white women up front sometimes get up and stand when Negroes sit beside them; but most younger people of both races pay little attention to each other as they jostle about in between.)

It will be hard for the WCC to make New Orleans into another Little Rock. Their candidate, W. M. Rainach, head of the State Joint Legislative Committee, is not likely to be swept into Baton Rouge as easily as Faubus won his third term in Arkansas. Louisiana has

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something approximating a two-party system in its traditional bi-factionalism (Long and Anti-Long), and there will be plenty of competition for the job Governor Earl Long must relinquish under the state's one-term law. Among those who show strong interest in running are Mayor Morrison, former Governors Jimmie ("You Are My Sunshine") Davis and Robert F. Kennon, the present Secretary of State Wade Martin, State Auditor Bill Dodd, Superintendent of Schools Shelby Jackson, Highway Chief Richardson and Congressman Otto Passman. Most of these men are members of the new United Democrats of Louisiana, established to head off any bolt from the national party this year, and conceivably through it they could agree on one man—or at most two—to take on Rainach in the first primary. Past history, however, argues against this. The Long faction would never allow their old foe, Morrison, to represent them on the ticket. And within the Long faction there are dozens who aspire to succeed the Governor. It would not be to Long's interest to pick any one over the others since he will need all their support to get the top job back for himself four years from now.

In a field of more than three, Perez believes his man has a good chance to get into a run-off. Certainly, as the UDOL knows, there is danger he could be right. A private poll recently made by a group respected for accuracy indicates that if Faubus were running for President on a states' rights third-party ticket today, he would carry Louisiana. (Only 28 percent of those polled in Orleans Parish would vote for him, but 59 percent of North Louisiana would.) The proper manager might be able to translate that Faubus popular sentiment into a Rainach victory, and Perez's followers say that he is the man who can do it.

Firmly in alliance, behind the scenes, with the "best people" who head the WWCs in North Louisiana, Perez has been undisputed boss of Plaquemines and St. Bernard parishes in the Deep Delta since the early 40's (an early ally of Huey Long, he is still using and improving upon the Kingfish's methods). No one in Louisiana politics denies Perez's power to do as he will with the votes of this rich region of offshore oil and minerals, fur and fishing. Charges of voting irregularities are commonplace. In Plaquemines parish, the voting "registrar" keeps no office hours; he seeks out the citizens he chooses to have register and passes by those he does not favor. Those who appear to vote need show no receipts to do so and are not checked off any list to prevent enthusiastic reappearances at the polls.

Local, state and federal officials have repeatedly confessed their impotence to deal with Plaquemines' carefree ways; the US Department of Justice has investigated the area after almost every election for 20 years, and nobody has gone to jail yet. (In 1944, when "reform" Governor Sam Jones named a replacement as sheriff of Plaquemines displeasing to Perez, it took 600 soldiers of the State Guard to break through the road blockade, complete with flaming gasoline, which stood in the new man's path into the parish. Last year Perez's spiritual leader, Archbishop Rummel, met with the same kind of respect for superior authority when he named a Negro priest to the Bend Mission in Perez territory. The parishioners barred the priest; the Archbishop closed the church; the church stayed closed until a white priest was sent as a replacement.)

Accusations recur that Perez has used his position as Attorney-General of Plaquemines to obtain off-shore oil and mineral concessions for himself and his friends, but no one has ever produced the evidence. Obviously money is not one of Perez's problems, however, and if his supply of local funds runs dry, he doubtless can tap old friends —offshore oil and otherwise—from the Byrd-for-President Committee, which he helped organize in 1944, and the Dixiecrat Party, of which he was a prime mover in 1948. Senator Eastland of Mississippi, a close friend, has been known to help out in times past with information from his Internal Security Subcommittee on Perez's opponents. Certainly Perez's and Rainach's friend and neighbor, Orval Faubus, can be counted on to drop over for a few personal appearances.

Whatever the outcome, the kind of campaign the WCC will wage for Governor in 1959 will mean money in the bank for the Faubus-for-President ticket in Louisiana in 1960—and less freedom of action for whoever is Governor when the school crisis comes in New Orleans.

(The next of these articles by Helen Fuller, a Southerner by birth and education, will report on Tennessee's "moderate" approach to desegregation—from the first grade up.

THE SOUTH: 1954-1959

States Desegregating as Ordered:

Delaware, District of Columbia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Oklahoma, West Virginia.

States Divided or Delaying:

Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

States Resisting:

Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Thomas Mann in Old Age

by Victor Lange

THOMAS MANN'S addresses and essays, his introductions and open letters fill altogether nearly a dozen volumes, and even if we need pay little attention to a variety of ephemeral utterances, there is enough in Mann's essays of that curious blend of literary and cultural speculation and of personal and historical perspective to hold our interest. One of the pieces in the recent volume entitled *Last Essays,* a study of Schiller (written shortly before Mann's death in 1955) is of major importance and comparable in design and depth to the earlier addresses on "Goethe and Tolstoy," or on Wagner or Freud. The other three, dealing with Goethe (1948), Nietzsche (1948), and Chekhov (1954) are more confined in their scope; but we shall find in all of them ample material for thoughts on Mann as essayist and can recognize, in this most distilled and serene prose, some of Mann's main convictions. Mann's skeptical urbanity, his attachment to the European cultural tradition and his firm assumption that the life of the mind is the natural preoccupation of the civilized man remind us of Santayana; the grasp of the symbolic value of the biographical fact in its social setting Mann shares with a critic like Edmund Wilson. But neither of these, nor indeed any contemporary of equal seriousness such as Valéry or Eliot, has quite achieved the liveliness of Mann's discourse or the feeling in the reader of beholding, as it were, the mind in the act of reflection.

Last Essays, by Thomas Mann, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston and Tania and James Stern (Knopf; $4.50).

By instinct and craft, Mann is a pedagogue: these four essays show us again what this means. He concentrates in his chosen figures on a few—and ultimately moral—issues and lends them profile by dramatizing certain details of the inner and outer biography.

The first essay begins with a somber account of Schiller's burial, an elegiac passage of great impact, in which Mann manages to penetrate this brief and almost furtive occasion by strong undertones of compassion and irony. He suggests in the first few sentences some of the melodrama and pathos that are part of Schiller's biography; by only a few poetic touches he introduces the themes that are to come: the frail body as the vessel of great spiritual energy, the artist borne to his grave by a company of "academic gentlemen," pure form rising to Elysian bowers, "itself divine among divinities." These are the metaphors that characterize Schiller's career and they are obviously congenial to Mann; but what is most striking in this and other essays is that the leading themes are made effective by the procedures of the novelist. Mann is the most extraordinary example of a writer who deals with ideas as if they were not merely ingredients in an argument, but themselves, so to speak, components, of fiction.

We can perhaps put the case differently: the dividing line in Mann's work between fact and fiction, and between figure and idea is nearly non-existent. His novels are almost entirely composed of observed biographical detail infused with "experienced ideas" and we would do well to admire more his subtle perception of telling detail than any consistency of philosophical argument. In this same sense, his essays paraphrase his fiction: they are echoes, in a more casual tone, of the central chords of his novels. We know from Mann himself that the lecture on "Nietzsche's philosophy in the light of recent history" was meant as a sort of postlude, a "Nachspiel," to *Doctor Faustus,* and no one can miss the connection either between the "Fantasy on Goethe" and *The Beloved Returns* or, in a more speculative sense, between the essay "On Schiller" and *Felix Krull.* Essayist and novelist tend to coincide in an artist whose preoccupation is always with the discursive character of the idea, or with the dialectic possibilities inherent in any given incident.

The pieces here published are unmistakable performances of the essayist, but they amount as well to something like a synthesis of Mann's intellectual positions. Towards each of the four writers Mann has felt "the kinship of experience, the brotherhood, the intimacy which exists among all creative artists, irrespective of stature, epoch, or character."

It is obvious that there are still more specific grounds of affinity between them. Each essay shows Mann's fascination with the clinical and pathological detail: Schiller and Chekhov began their careers as physicians and, like Nietzsche, created their work against the nearly overwhelming odds of sickness; theirs was "an accommodation to illness, an adjustment to living at peace with it"; they owed to it that refinement of the spirit, of sensibility and nerves which recurs as a dominant moral impulse in Mann's own thinking. Schiller —again like Nietzsche—occasionally expressed his gratitude to it: "Even chronic illness is good for something," he once wrote, "I have much to thank it for." This "something" to which the various forms of human frailty must be subordinated is for Mann the end-product of the creative process, an achievement sprung from an irrational impulse, threatened by the frailties of temperament and the vicissitudes of history, confounded and even paralyzed by the immeasurable challenge of the good, the true and the beautiful, and in the end reduced to the resolute assertion of the noble vision.

IN Schiller he finds the mainspring of his own thinking classically exemplified: the tension between involvement and irony, between the natural man and the artist, the life of instinct and that of freedom. "He felt the dark, unconscious impulses of art to be compulsively nonhuman, unworthy of man as a free, ethical being. He resolved not to surrender to creativity until he had raised instinctuality to a level of clear, conscious, rational law."

Yet, the relative power of intellect

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and instinct seems to Mann often enough willfully misinterpreted. Nietzsche's hatred for any form of spirituality serves him as a warning that we should "cherish and protect the feeble little flame of reason, intellect, and justice, not join sides with power and the instinctual life and riotously whoop it up for negatives, for every sort of criminality." Mann's late view of Nietzsche indicates among other changes the shift in his own intellectual evolution, from an earlier antithesis between "life" and "morality" to a conviction that now nearly identifies them: "the real dichotomy lies between ethics and aesthetics."

SOMEWHERE in the century between Schiller and Nietzsche, Mann argues in several places, is the historical point at which the creative and the analytical impulse begin to fall apart ("the past half-century has witnessed a regression of humanity, a chilling atrophy of culture, a frightening decrease in civility, decency, sense of justice, loyalty, and faith, and of the most elementary trustworthiness"); to see if and how an effective relationship can be reestablished is the primary intention of these four topical enquiries. Whether it is Schiller's "stringent analysis of the thinker *and* poet whose dualistic talent involved such aesthetic perils," or Nietzsche's hectic vision of life as appearance, art, deception, perspective and illusion, of error as the parent of vitality: we shall find in both a symptomatic divorce between —as Mann repeatedly puts it—"myth" and "psychology."

Nietzsche was a born psychologist; psychology was his fundamental passion. But "psychology," Mann reminds us, "easily leads to impiety," and if in the rather insubstantial essay of Goethe he had elaborated upon the main themes of the novel *The Beloved Returns,* he would have had to speak of the desperate absorption among the German artists and historians of the 19th Century, in Wagner and Nietzsche and Burckhardt, with the problem of greatness. "Impiety" and "greatness," "psychology" and the acceptance of a fixed point outside of life to which to anchor any form of faith seemed, certainly to Nietzsche, incompatible. But are they? Mann asks. If the fixed point of a transcending authority is not a moral one, "then it is simply the spirit of man, humanity itself assuming the form of criticism, irony and freedom allied with the judging word."

Mann returns insistently throughout these immensely self-searching reflections, to the haunting uncertainty as to the meaning of the artist's work. Perhaps the most moving of these essays is devoted to Chekhov, and there is no other place in Thomas Mann's work where the artist so poignantly delimits the range of his claims, his powers and his efficacy. The sentence of Chekhov whose effect on his thinking he remembers most sharply was the question, "Am I not fooling the reader, since I cannot answer the most important questions?" The truth about life (Mann paraphrases Chekhov's perplexity as though it were his own) to which the writer should be in duty bound—is it not by nature ironical, and can it not easily happen that a writer who puts the truth above everything else is reproached by the world with lack of conviction, indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas? Assuming that "the truth about life is by nature ironical, then must not art be by nature nihilistic?"

There is, of course, no unequivocal and not even a sophisticated answer to this cry of despair. If we remember the "euphoric visions of the future" with which nearly all of Thomas Mann's novels close, we find him now, towards the end of his life, more skeptical of any of those hopes "suggesting the tender reveries of a consumptive." In Chekhov's disbelief in his own greatness, in his unshakable faith in the difficulty and nobility of being human and in his relentless pursuit of work, Mann recognizes the obligation which he has never ceased to acknowledge. Mann says:

> . . . To poor Katya's question: "What am I to do?" one can but answer: "Upon my honor and conscience, I don't know." Nevertheless, one goes on working, telling stories, giving form to truth, hoping darkly, sometimes almost confidently, that truth and serene form will avail to set free the human spirit and prepare mankind for a better, lovelier, worthier life.

To Make Us Love Our Country

by William Raymond Smith

MR. HUGHES and Mr. Bontemps have edited one of the best anthologies it has been my pleasure to see. Folklore, in *The Book of Negro Folklore*, means everything from Brer Rabbit stories to hipster jive. Selections from Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, Gwendolyn Brooks, Mark Kennedy; letters and reminiscences of, in Louis Armstrong's phrase, "the good old good ones" in jazz; jokes about the social structure of the United States, traditional and composed blues and ballads make this book more an anthology of Negro culture than an anthology of folklore in a strict sense.

The Book of Negro Folklore, edited by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps (Dodd, Mead; $6.50). *Tales from the Cloud Walking Country*, by Marie Campbell (Indiana; $4.50).

Miss Campbell's book, on the other hand, is strictly folklore. *Tales from the Cloud Walking Country* is the first of five projected volumes of stories from the Kentucky mountains. All of the ones here, told by six master tale-tellers, are variations of tales found in western Europe.

On the surface, the Kentucky mountaineer is physically about as far from any of the several classes of Negro in the United States as it is possible for two kinds of people to be in one nation. As a boy in the thirties I listened to stories, similar to those included in *Tales from the Cloud Walking Country,* told around the country store cracker barrel or on somebody's porch on summer Sunday afternoons in a county not far from Miss Campbell's Letcher county. But I cannot remember ever seeing a Negro, except in what the mountain people call the "level country." Yet an examination of the language and attitudes expressed in these two books reveals a good many similarities between these apparently dissimilar cultures.

When Miss Campbell questioned the people in Letcher county about ballads and folk tales, she was told of Big Nelt in these words: "He's the ballad-sing-

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ingest man in the mountain country, and the tale-tellingest, too, I reckon." In order to appreciate the rhythm of the characterization of Big Nelt, it is necessary to know that mountain speech tends to accent the first syllable in each word. This breaks the characterization of Big Nelt into the following quatrain:

> He's the ballad-singingest man
> in the mountain country,
> and the tale-tellingest too,
> I reckon.

Thus broken, there are not, of course, an equal number of accents in each line; but the sentence has poetic form.

This kind of accentuation is found also in certain selections from *The Book of Negro Folklore*. "Before God can use a man that man must be hooked in the heart," the opening sentence of a meeting testimonial can be broken into a quatrain in the same way:

> Before God
> can use a man
> that man must be
> hooked in the heart.

WHITE Southerners frequently claim to be able to tell the difference between Negro speech and their own. Some time after my family moved to Chicago, my mother, whose speech is that of central Kentucky, called about renting an apartment. After saying a few words, she was cut off with the remark, "We don't rent to Negroes." Now it may be true that some white Southerners can tell the difference between Negro speech and their own, especially if they are looking at the Negro and he is uneducated, but the white Northerner, on the telephone, hears the heavy accent on the initial syllable of many words, the pattern of pauses, and assumes that he is talking to a Negro.

Also common to mountain speech and certain types of Negro speech illustrated in *The Book of Negro Folklore* is a love of rhyme. In Kentucky mountain speech, the careful listener can frequently catch rhymes or half rhymes of which the speaker is seemingly unconscious. In the speech of the hipster, the love of rhyme becomes highly conscious and is used to distinguish the man who is hip from the man who is nowhere. Daddy-O Daley, a Chicago disk jockey, used to amaze me several years ago when he broadcast a man on the street interview from in front of the Regal Theatre in Bronzeville. He could rhyme anything in repartee with a speed that made the rhyme seem effortless. Several examples of this type of rhyming are included in the Hughes-Bontemps anthology.

The double negative is another characteristic of mountain speech, some types of Negro speech, and other schoolmarm labeled "uneducated speech." But, taken collectively, these kinds of speech tend to double not only negatives but nouns, adjectives, prepositions, and the rest. "Coming for to carry me home," the old song repeats. Big Nelt remembers stories that he heard from an Irishman when he was "a lad of a boy." An ex-slave commented, "I don't like slavery nohow."

Both Miss Campbell's master tale-tellers and *The Book of Negro Folklore's* tricksters, hipsters, preachers, in general, show intense feeling for the nuance of rhythm and meaning in language. Perhaps because their own speech is limited in vocabulary, they try to make the most of what they have. In the Hughes-Bontemps anthology, Negro humor seems quite sophisticated; the joke frequently turns on slight variations in the meanings of words.

The Negro and the mountaineer are in one sense looking up at the world from the bottom. Neither can take special pride or is rooted in material possessions. It is people and what people do that is important and interesting to the master tale-tellers. It is people that make life meaningful, even bearable for them.

It is, I believe, a fundamental misunderstanding to speak of Negro culture, New England culture, Southwestern culture, etc., as though the United States were divided into many exclusive cultural camps. I was surprised, for example, to find "Careless Love" included in *The Negro Book of Folklore* as a Negro blues. I always thought it a mountain ballad; and so it is. It belongs to the mountaineers as well as to the Negro, even as what we always called Negro Spirituals in Kentucky belonged to whites as much as to the Negroes. The spirituals were sung by everyone and belonged to everyone. Certain groups do, of course, contribute more to certain aspects of culture than others. The Negro has certainly been the main contributor to jazz. But Negro blues and gospel songs have combined with Appalachian folk songs to start the current folk music interest. Basically our roots are common and inter-twined.

Gradually we are coming to realize that our culture is one. Zora Neal Hurston has written that "nationally and culturally [the American Negro is] as white as the next one." James Baldwin, writing on "The Discovery of What It Means to Be an American" in *The New York Times Book Review* for January 25, 1959, says, "In my necessity to find the terms on which my experience could be related to that of others, Negroes and whites, writers and non-writers, I proved, to my astonishment, to be as American as any Texas GI." Will Governor Faubus and Senator Byrd some day find, to their astonishment, that they are just as American as James Baldwin?

In Burke's much admired words from *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, "To make us love our country, our country must be lovely." There is a great deal that is physically lovely in the Kentucky mountains, but there is nothing lovely in sow belly, flux, typhoid fever, and TB. All big cities are slums to some people. Bunk Johnson could

> . . . remember back to when there was no discrimination in Louisiana. When I was a boy you get on a mule car in New Orleans and walk up and put your nickel in the bandbox and sat down. Discrimination came in 1889. Too much prejudice in the South since then. And I've played music for white people all over the world and many of my best friends are white. But there's always somebody who'll come up and say to you, "Hey, nigger, play this."

Slavery and discrimination are part of the roots of our culture that we cannot and should not forget, for as a Langston Hughes character says, "It looks like to me white folks better stop resolving and get to *doing*. They have resolved enough. *Resolving ain't solving.*"

TRUE, we cannot legislate ugliness out of being. We can only make our country lovely by discovering in what the loveliness of our country consists. I suggest that a part of the beauty of America consists in the traditional stories that have been remolded in each generation. These traditions are what I like to call, borrowing another phrase from Burke, our "unbought grace of life," which does not mean inherited wealth in money, but inherited wealth in personality, in stories that give us our way of looking at things.

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MOVIES

A Lovely Uncivilized Feeling

PLENTY has been written about Westerns in terms of cultural analysis, but less has been said about them as an artistic form. Their popularity is international, their appeal is to many kinds of people—for example, from our President to Lloyd George, who had a stock of Westerns in his private film library and often read Zane Grey. The Western thrives, I believe, because it is one of the few survivals of pure melodrama, and melodrama satisfies old tribal hungers. The moral issues are clear, the external motions are large, and it is the only current fictional form in which you can be pretty sure that, at the end, the villain is going to be dead: not merely spurned in love or foiled in a business deal but good and dead. It is a lovely uncivilized feeling.

The Hanging Tree (Warner); *These Thousand Hills* (20th Century-Fox).

Crime shows are not really comparable. In gangster films we are either treated to the fascination of evil or asked to sympathize with a social victim—quite different appeals. And police films are now so loaded with scientific apparatus —fingerprinting, stain analysis, walkie-talkies—that, as man-hunts, they are like African safaris with plane and submachine gun. You have to go to 19th Century opera to find another such survival of large-scale melodrama. *Il Trovatore* and *La Gioconda* have preserved it in music, like a fly in amber. The Western has preserved it, too, in a mythology created in the last sixty years or so.

Bernard DeVoto, in a famous essay, slashed hard at this mythology; he noted that the gun-slinging, trail-drive West had existed for a relatively short time and that most of the trappings of the conventional Western were pure romance. But his historian's outrage failed to reckon with the superior esthetic power of romance over fact. In six decades there has been created a trigger-fanning Cloudcuckooland with its own ethics and realities, in which the customs and costumes of *c.* 1875 extend backward and forward at will. It is on this immense reservation—situated not exactly anywhere—that the authors of Westerns set their works.

This is not to say that all Westerns are alike. They divide sharply into inferior and superior grades. The former, in print, are pulp-magazine calibre and on film are quickies made for the Saturday afternoon trade. (There now seem to be fewer of these; the torrent of trashy TV Westerns satisfies the children.) The latter—the so-called adult Western—is represented in print by such competent story-tellers as Frank Bonham and Luke Short and in films by such directors as John Ford and Howard Hawks. Better Western fiction is marked usually by strong doses of Hemingwayesque style and by an attempt to give the hero some internal problem as well as an overt one, to strip him of Superman aspects, to make him, mildly, a Hamlet of the plains. In films the literary style is reproduced by means of understated dialogue and tight, fast cutting.

THERE is also a third category—what is sometimes called the Western novel (emphasis on the second word). It is usually more precise historically and, in time, it may take place before the Civil War or as late as the Nineties. It has two other distinguishing features: it diverges widely from the range war or lawman-outlaw or cavalry-Indians plot, and the women in it are much more important and more complicated than in the straight Western. Jack Schaefer, A. B. Guthrie, and Dorothy M. Johnson are writers in this group; occasionally it produces literature, as with Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Conrad Richter, and Harvey Fergusson.

Books from this third group are the sources of the two films that prompt these remarks, Miss Johnson's *The Hanging Tree* and Guthrie's *These Thousand Hills*. Both of them are set in Montana in the Seventies, one in a gold camp, the other in a cow town. Neither is its author's best work, but both are better than the films that have been made from them. Both authors have been at considerable pains to reproduce an era with some care, and to avoid the character and story clichés of the inferior straight Western. And in both cases the movie-makers have taken just so much of the historical milieu and the originality as would fit within the conventional framework. They have shown a nose for whatever of the tried-and-true lurks in these books and have used just enough of the books' individuality to distinguish them from the last Western you saw.

The Hanging Tree has one noteworthy feature: it marks the American film debut of Maria Schell, the currently popular purveyor of Elizabeth Bergner-Luise Rainer winsomeness. Why Miss Schell chose this vehicle is baffling. Its one small effective touch is its first sight of her, after she has been lost in the wild for four days, her face baked and disfigured by the sun. But this is an achievement for the make-up man, not the actress. Gary Cooper is the gloomy doctor who nurses her back to her customary *Süssigkeit* and protects her honor from Karl Malden.

These Thousand Hills tells of a young ambitious cowhand (Don Murray) who learns that success isn't everything. Murray is acceptable but the rest of the cast, except Stuart Whitman, are abominable. And, of course, Guthrie's little homespun cautionary tale has been wrenched to provide a final banister-breaking brawl.

It doesn't seem to me superfluous to fret occasionally about the low quality of even "major" Westerns. Melodrama is as valid an art form as its cognate at the other end of the spectrum, farce; and certainly no subject matter is *per se* better suited to films than Westerns. The best Westerns — *The Gunfighter* with Gregory Peck and *High Noon* with Gary Cooper (in that order, I think)— have been exciting entertainments. Even lesser ones like *Shane* and last year's neglected *Cowboy* (with the accomplished Jack Lemmon) were films that anyone who likes movies could enjoy. But these are exceptions. The overwhelming majority—even when they start promisingly—soon throw believable motivation and dialogue and story development out the ranch-house door. Before long with most Westerns, if you wait around at all, it is for the glimpses of magnificent scenery and beautiful horses when the actors are not in the way.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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RECORDS

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THE seldom-heard *Eroica* Variations Op. 35 for piano by Beethoven use the same two initially insignificant bits of thematic material out of which Beethoven later made the great finale of his *Eroica* Symphony. The piano piece is, then, not a triumphant conclusion of a dramatic four-movement progression but a work structurally and emotionally complete in itself—a work without the tremendous implications and impact of the symphony finale, but one in which the variation procedure is already, for Beethoven, the powerful expressive medium that will eventually produce the concluding variation movements of the Piano Sonatas Opp. 109 and 111 and the *Diabelli* Variations. And even in this early example the emotion which operates through his technical resourcefulness produces not only individual variations of lyric beauty and dramatic force, but in the end a work of large-scale structure and expressive implications. The performance Schnabel recorded for HMV's Beethoven Sonata Society was formerly available in Victor LCT-6700 (with the five piano concertos); and its reissue is something to watch for; but meanwhile a good performance by Denis Matthews is on Vanguard 1032, with another fine work, the better-known Variations in C minor, and the less interesting Variations Op. 34.

Vanguard 1033 has Matthews' performances of Beethoven's Bagatelles, including the two infrequently-played late sets, Opp. 119 and 126, which offer remarkable and fascinating examples of Beethoven's late writing for the piano with their introspective remoteness and occasional strangeness, their concentration and brevity, their abrupt shifts of thought, feeling and style. Matthews plays them well; but a reissue of Schnabel's performance of Op. 126 is again something to watch for.

Almost never played are the Haydn piano sonatas that are such fascinating and delightful examples of the Haydn procedure of playing with the listener's mind. Washington, which issued a first group on 430, now gives us on 431 an even finer group: Nos. 43, which it lists as 46 (Peters No. 8), 20 (25), 42 (28), 23 (21) and 13 (18). Balsam plays them clearly and sensitively; what they need is the incisiveness of Charles Rosen's performance of No. 43 on EMS 3—to say nothing of the hair-raising force of Glenn Gould's performance of No. 46 (Peters No. 3) on Columbia ML-5274.

AFTER the superb playing Istomin does with Casals and Fuchs in the recently issued Beethoven trios, his performance of Beethoven's Concerto No. 5 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy on Columbia ML-5318 is not only disappointing but disquieting; for it appears to demonstrate that Istomin, like his teacher Serkin, is attempting to achieve largeness and grandeur of style by pounding, which achieves only playing that is overemphatic and unpleasantly percussive.

The reported admiration of other Russian pianists for Sviatoslav Richter led me to investigate his performances of Schubert's Sonata Op. 42 on Monitor 2027 and Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue on 2022. I found his treatment of the first movement of the sonata heavy-handed and his tempo for the Trio of the Scherzo much too slow; in the rest of the sonata, and in the murkily reproduced Franck piece, I heard what I would describe as technically competent and musically satisfying playing, but nothing more than that—nothing, that is, pianistically and musically arresting like, say, the playing of Glenn Gould, who, it is clear by now, is the outstanding figure among pianists of today, young or old.

Boston B-400 offers a fine performance of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* by the Zimbler Sinfonietta—more deliberate in pace than other performances, but more richly detailed in phrasing.

And Haydn Society's reissues include 9018, with Handel's superb *Water Music* in its entirety (not just the Harty suite), played with admirable refinement of sonority and phrasing by the small Hewitt Orchestra; and 9053, with the Schneider Quartet's superlative performances of Haydn's Quartets Op. 75 Nos. 1 and 2, which are two notable examples of the genre.

WHEN I advised readers of this column not to acquire stereophonic equipment I urged them to add a second speaker to their monophonic equipment, because two speakers give the sound from monophonic records richer radiance and greater fullness, roundness, presence and projection. Having at last heard stereophonic reproduction — not of disc but tape — I can report that it adds a further increment of the same kind of improvement: that is, even greater roundness and spaciousness. The improvement is genuine, but not sensational; the additional difference that is sensational is the extreme directional element—the harp glissando, in the sound I heard from the Columbia tape of Stravinsky's *The Firebird*, that began coming out of one speaker and ended coming out of the other—which is not in the sound one's two ears hear in the concert hall, but is artificially contrived and introduced into the stereophonic sound on the record to make it something for which the public will acquire the special equipment the manufacturers want to sell. As against this there is what a friend tells me is the truthfulness of Angel's stereophonic recording: it is done, he says, with two microphones separated only as far as the two ears; and the result is stereophonic sound that is only a little different from monophonic sound from two speakers. Which leads me to again advise readers of this column to acquire an additional speaker and—at least for the time being—to stop there.

B. H. HAGGIN

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VICTOR LANGE is a professor of German at Princeton. WILLIAM RAYMOND SMITH is a graduate student at the University of Chicago.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

High Culture, (*NR*, Feb. 9) which is a pretty fair book, and that is what your reviewer, T. S. Matthews, says.

Mr. Matthews also says that Mr. Griffith has for the last seven years been the Foreign News Editor of *Time* Magazine; he adds—on his own hook, as he puts it—that Mr. Griffith is shrewd and level-headed and liberal. My own brief acquaintance with Mr. Griffith would tend to confirm these observations, although men change in 13 years. For that matter, Mr. Matthews is—or appeared to be in my very few and very brief glimpses of him—liberal, and his long association with *Time* as an editor in the very upper strata of that society surely proves him to be level-headed and shrewd.

Now we come to what Mr. Matthews does *not* say, but I am not blaming him. I am blaming you for having chosen a Luce alumnus, particularly so important a Luce alumnus as Mr. Matthews, to review a book written by one of the deans of the Luce faculty. Surely a reviewer for *The New Republic*, a level-headed, genrally shrewd, and always liberal publication, ought to take note of the fact that writers do not come in two parts, that a gruelling five-day-a-week job for Mr. Luce cannot be separated from what must have been a gruelling six months during which Mr. Griffith wrote his book. He wrote the book in Southern France, and he does his Luce writing in the Time-Life Building in Manhattan, but it is Mr. Griffith who does it. Same fellow.

Mr. Griffith finds Americans ignorant, helpless, and increasingly mediocre; he finds that we live in a cultural smog. Depressingly true. But I submit that some share of the responsibility for our ignorance, our helplessness, our mediocrity, and our smogism must be assigned to those magazines published by Mr. Luce, of which Mr. Griffith is an employee and Mr. Matthews a former employee.

Television may deaden us, but I submit that the Luce publications demean us, that, through them in words Mr. Griffith uses so eloquently, we are "being leveled by palaver and coated with sham." . . . I am suggesting that there is an unsettling duality in the American-Century Mr. Griffith who works for Mr. Luce and the critic Mr. Griffith who wrote *The Waist-High Culture*. If there is no such duality, then either I misread the book or I consistently misread the Luce publications.

But let me repeat that my quarrel is not with Mr. Matthews. I recently read with great admiration Mr. Matthews' brilliant essay on two English newspapers (*The Sugar Pill*) and their cultural impact on the English. My cup would be full and perhaps even runneth over if Mr. Matthews were to write another essay on a subject on which he is surely just as well and possibly even better informed, the cultural impact of *Time* magazine on Americans.

MERLE MILLER

Brewster, N. Y.

► *Getlein* vs. *Abstract Expressionism*

SIRS:

ONE can deplore the snobbery and the paintings of those who merely jump on the bandwagon of abstract expressionism, without discarding all of the paintings that are rather loosely grouped under this "school." The same has been true of most movements in the arts. Where Frank Getlein fails as a critic is in his refusal to make this distinction, his refusal to judge individual works of art in terms of what they are trying to do.

Surely someone devoted to painting can enjoy forms and colors for their own sake. To do so necessitates neither rejecting earlier painting nor regarding abstract expressionism as art's final goal. It necessitates simply judging new works with the same open-mindness that one brings to the various movements of the past.

NORMAN JAMES

Washington College
Chestertown, Md.

► *Haggin and Klemperer*

SIRS:

I TOO was curious. I had heard so much critical ranting about Klemperer's recording of Beethoven's Ninth that I disregarded Haggin and am $10 poorer as the result.

Mr. Bradley, in his letter (*NR*, January 19), accuses Toscanini of ultrasonic speed. In contrast Klemperer's tempos are such that at moments, particularly during the first movement, one expects his players to pack-up and go home.

Like Mr. Bradley, I own Klemperer and Toscanini, also Bruno Walter. Toscanini is one of the few conductors since Wagner to make Beethoven sound like Beethoven. I suppose I prefer Toscanini's honesty to Klemperer's eccentricity.

I don't suggest that Mr. Haggin is infallible, but he frequently is, in comparison to his "social" colleagues.

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A Partial Table of Contents of

AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA

- *book by* **RALPH GINZBURG**
- *introduction by* **DR. THEODOR REIK**
- *preface by* **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

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Beginning with a deliciously witty analysis of scandal-mongering from Vienna to Hollywood ("I have heard many bad things about you, madame. Let me hope that they are true.")—Dr. Reik goes on to examine the "powerful undercurrent of pornography" in the stream of Anglo-Saxon literature. He demonstrates how the contents of this book are important to the sexologist, the analyst, the historian and the connoisseur of literature, and he makes some observations about the state of current society that may shock some readers.

Preface:

A brief but vitriolic diatribe against the Bluenose in America!

Foreword:

The relationship of "witchery" and "obscenity". The sorry spectacle of the greatest courts in our land preoccupying themselves with keeping responsible adults away from "obscene" literature.

Part I: Precursors of English Erotica

An introduction to the 2,000-odd books in English that are kept from the general public. D. H. Lawrence's definition of pornography. How sexual stimulation varies from culture to culture. Erotic manifestations in ancient Peru, China, Greece, Rome. Passages from Ovid's "Art of Love." The Exeter Book; Chaucer; a complete and unexpurgated story from "One Hundred Merrie and Delightsom Stories."

Part II: Earliest English Works

The state of erotic literature before obscenity laws were passed. "Young Coridon and Phillis" by Sir Charles Sedley is reprinted here in entirety. What happened to Sir Sedley. An unexpurgated version of an early street ballad, whose title we cannot print here. First erotic works in prose. Edmund Curll and his "Venus in the Cloister." "Adventures of a King's Page"; pornographic works based on French characters (The Confessions of Marie Antoinette); "Secret Loves of Byron". Eminent scholars write pornography in the 17th Century. Daniel Defoe's "Moll Flanders", etc.

Part III: The Two Manias

How two themes dominated pornographic literature of 18th and 19th Centuries: Flagellation and Defloration of Virgins. Secret clubs in London devoted to "the English vice." Sub rosa magazines like "The Annals of Gallantry: Glee and Pleasure." Important books on Whipping; Selections from autobiography of a female flagellant named Margaret Anson. Details of an initiation ceremony into a secret pornographic club. Children in English brothels; Sex manuals, in England, India, France, Persia.

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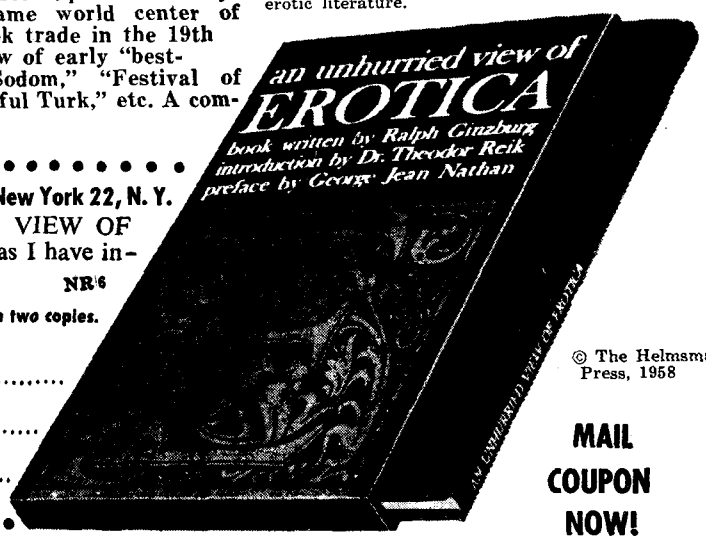
Part VIII: Bibliography

A list of 100 of the world's choicest books of erotic literature.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